THE ENTERPRISE

J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

WELLINGTON, OHIO.

TRUE LOVE.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that has fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
With the breadth of Heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
The behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die—when the dream is past—
'Ah never call it—loving!"
—*Mrs. Browning.*

Unless you can muse on her face in a crowd,
And think of her all day Monday;
Unless you can tell her on Wednesday night
What she wore on the preceding Sunday;
And treat her to caramels and cream,
Your fond devotion proving;
Unless you can give her the earth, fenced in,
Oh, never call it—loving.

Unless you can live in a two-button coat,
And an ultra English collar;
Unless you can keep her in "Marechal Neils"
At the rate of four for a dollar;
Unless you can take her for what she's worth—
Behooving or unbehooving—
Unless you can die, when your cash gives out,
Oh, fail to call it—loving.

Unless you can teach her to roller skate,
And that when your feet are aching,
And cut up your clothes for a crazy quilt,
And smile when your heart is breaking;
And carry her gloves, and fan, and wrap,
And look like a May-day morning—
Oh, call it madness, or what you will,
But never call it—loving.

For young and old, they are all alike,
And the world is a vale of sorrow,
And oyster suppers an empty dream—
When you settle the bill on the morrow;
And the old-fashioned girl, who could knit and sew,
And who wore no bangs on her forehead,
Is gone to live where the daisies bloom,
And the ones that are left are horrid!
—*Kittie K., in Judge.*

Walter Brownfield;

—OR—

THE MYSTERY OF PRESTON FLAT.

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Never fear about that," said Jack, with his distrustful grin. "Don't git drunk," he shouted, as the wagon rattled away. The noise and distance made his tones inaudible to Mr. Miles and daughter.

"His name is Walter Brownfield," said Jack, as he re-entered the field, by the old rickety gate, and took a seat on the beam of the plow. "His name is Brownfield, and he's from Queenstown; was a dry-goods clerk. It must be the same fellow, but Bill's a comin' an' he'll be apt to know. We must make his acquaintance ef it is."

CHAPTER III.

A TRIAL OF HARD WORK.

Walter Brownfield cast a last look, at the wagon as it rolled away with the farmer and his pretty daughter, then heaving a sigh, followed John Miles to the cornfield.

"Did you ever cut corn before?" asked the young Hercules, when they came to the cornfield.

"No, I never did," answered Walter.

"Well, sir, then you'll hev to be keerful or ye'll split your shin open."

"How?"

"Don't you see these corn knives is sharp?"

"Yes."

"Well when ye take a hill of corn this way," wrapping his strong left arm around a large hill of heavy stalks, blades and ears and drawing it toward him. "There ye see, when ye strike it about a foot from the ground with your knife, you have to strike toward ye; and if ye don't watch it'll go clear through the corn an' into your shin."

"Yes, sir, I perceive," said the uninitiated farmer. "You must so regulate the force of your blow that it will just sever the stalks of corn, and yet not strong enough to do yourself bodily harm," added Walter.

The illiterate John Miles looked at the new farm hand with surprise.

His smooth sentences were pleasant even to John's uneducated ear. His eye surveyed the slender form of the youth from foot to broad high forehead and then remarked:

"Well, ye may not be much on the work, but by the tarnation, ye know how to handle your mother tongue which is more than I do."

"But you have a large fine manly form. You are gifted by God with the strength of four men like myself, of which you should be proud."

"Yes,' said John, with a sigh, "I was made big—so was the ox; and to be big in this world is to be a drudge. You are one o' these genteel fellers what kin talk like a book; somethin' I never could learn when a boy."

"Learn it now, since you are a man," said Walter.

"I'm too big and aint got time to go to school. Pinkey is the only one o' us children who could learn at school."

"You need not go to school to learn a great many things about the parts of speech."

"How'll I learn, then?"

"At home."

"Got no teacher."

"I could teach you."

"But we have to work."

"You will find an idle moment occasionally, which, if properly improved, would accomplish wonders in the course of time."

The young man scratched his head a moment thoughtfully, and then said:

"P'raps' somethin' could be done in that way, but we must get to work here, or we'll make no show afore noon."

He then proceeded to show Walter into the mysteries of starting a shock of fodder.

"You help me on the first row through, and we kin each bring a row back," he said to Walter.

The corn was large and heavy with giant stalks and blades that made the field seem a wilderness. John announced that they would cut the first twelve hill square. So he counted six from the south side and six from the west. They started in at the southwest corner. Then he took four hills that formed a square in the center and binding them diagonally took the tops so as to form a rude coop.

"That's the skeleton," explained John "on which we build the shock."

He then commenced work, grasping a hill in his left arm he held it close to his shoulder, with one blow of his heavy sword-like knife he severed the entire hill. Then to the next, the next, and the next in such rapid succession until he had gathered sufficient to make a large armful when he bore it to the skeleton and stood up against it almost straight, the butt end down and the top up.

Walter stood for a few moments watching his tutor, and saw gradually and even rapidly growing around him a clear spot. He began to imitate the example of John Miles, with a partial success.

He was as awkward in this as John Miles would have been in a drawing-room, and the warning cry of "look out for your shins" frequently came to his ears.

But after a short time he became more skilled in the use of his heavy sword, and found that by ordinary care there would be no danger of even a slight wound.

Shock after shock of tall stalks rose in the field, leaving a broad trail behind them. Ever advancing into that impenetrable jungle and sweeping all before them, the young men moved on without stopping.

John Miles seemed to work faster as he became warmed up to it, and Walter Brownfield in his youthful ambition strove to keep pace with him.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, and the morning, which at its birth was cool, grew warm before it was one-fourth over.

The hotter grew the day, the faster John Miles worked. His strong arm seemed never to tire. Starting in with a merry whistle he kept it up through the entire day. The higher rose the sun, the hotter the day became, the faster he worked, the shriller sounded his whistle over the field.

Walter made a manly effort to keep pace with him, but found that impossible.

The perspiration streamed down his heated face, and even through his shirt. The corn blades chafed his neck and the side of his face, until every stroke he made caused intense pain. But he had started to do or die, and made no complaint. On the road was weary tramp and starvation; here was labor and pain, but food and shelter. He contrasted his pleasant laborious condition, with his life of a few months ago. How different. How he had been humiliated. The sense of the great wrongs he had endured, seemed to steel his arm and rouse his fainting spirits.

Try as he would he could not compete with the robust son of his employer. Like a raging hurricane John Miles swept around Walter, leaving naught but the bare field, while the inexperienced youth was struggling with a few hills of corn.

Would that arm never tire, would that piercing whistle never cease? thought Walter, as he struggled to keep up with the young farmer. John saw that he was doing all in his power to keep pace with him, and knowing that no farmer in the entire flat could do that, he did not attempt to hurry him. Thus hour after hour passed. To the panting Walter, it seemed ages; John Miles seemed to gain untired strength and rapidity with each stroke. His blows fell faster and he heaped the corn up higher while his whistle sounded louder and shriller upon the morning air.

They had been continually advancing into the dense wilderness, and there had seemed no end to it. Not a breeze was stirring or could stir in that dense corn, to cool the brow of the almost fainting youth.

At last when his head grew heavy and throbbing, when he was dizzy from heat, and felt as though he was chilly instead of warm, they suddenly burst through the wilderness, and a neat little farm cottage that stood in a grove of elms and oaks, was just across the fence.

"Let's go to Uncle Dan's and git a drink," said John, as the last shock of fodder in the row was completed, sticking the knife in the ground.

Walter was willing to do any thing which promised a momentary respite from the sultry heat of the burning sun.

The sweet, cool breeze came to kiss his forehead the moment he emerged from the tall, dense corn.

They climbed the fence, and walked through the grove of elms to the cottage door.

A pleasant-faced old man, near sixty years of age, was sitting on the front porch in his large, easy arm-chair, enjoying the cool breeze that swept round his cottage.

"Hello, John, ye have been at work this mornin'?" said the old gentleman. "Who's this ye got with ye?"

"This is our new hand, Walter Brownfield," answered John with his native awkwardness.

"Wall, how d'ye do, Walter?" said the old gentleman, arising and extending his hand to that individual. "You boys must sit down on the porch, for I know you are hot and tired; take cheers?" and he placed two split bottoms for them.

"We're nearly choked for a drink, Uncle Dan," said John.

"In course ye are; I might a knowed it; jest sit still an' I'll go an' git some fresh water from the spring."

The old gentleman put on his hat, took his cane and went into the cottage, where he told his wife, a pleasant old lady known all over the flat as Aunt Margaret, to hand him the water-bucket.

Aunt Margaret came out to talk to the tired boys. The awkward John Miles did not attempt another introduction, so Walter was compelled to sit in embarrassing silence until the motherly old lady asked him his name, where he was from, all about his parents, and numerous other questions far more embarrassing than the silence.

Uncle Dan returned with a cedar bucket (they call a pail a bucket in the West) full of cold water, and a gourd.

Walter was sure he never drank water so sweet, so clear and cold, and had not the kind old lady cautioned him against drinking too much while he was warm the result might have been disastrous to his health.

"How long hev ye been in this neighborhood, Walter?" asked Uncle Dan.

"I only came yesterday," answered Walter.

"Well, how long hev ye been farming?"

"This might be called my first trial at hard work."

The old gentleman opened his eyes wide, and looked at John Miles.

"I guess it's so," said John, with a grin on his broad face. "He was as awkward in the corn this morning as I'd be in Dave Black's store; but he larnt most tarnation quick, and he's grit, by hokey."

They took another drink each from the gourd, and then returned to the field to cut another row of shocks before dinner.

"I wonder why that young chap's workin' on a farm? He looks like he'd do better as a skule teacher, a lawyer or a clerk in some store," said Aunt Margaret.

"I don't know," said Uncle Dan, sitting in his great rustic chair and watching the young man as he climbed the fence.

"I don't know why he's here in the Flat, but I know he's all right. He's a good honest young man. I can see from his face."

CHAPTER IV.

BILL MARTIN.

Two weeks of farm drudging had passed. John Miles, the tireless young farmer, and Walter Brownfield had been comrades in labor. Walter had grown sunburned, and his once soft hands had become hardened with toil. Those who had predicted that the pale slender youth could not endure the fatigues of farm work, little knew the power of endurance in that delicate frame.

Corn cutting was over, but the plowing and sowing of winter wheat and general run of chores kept the "boys" and hired hands of Mr. Miles busy.

Walter learned that labor was not to be dreaded so much as he had supposed. Ben Miles, with his droll wit, lightened their hours of toil. The youth found that he could sleep sweeter after a hard day's work, and each morning awoke with renewed strength and vigor.

He was intrusted with a team and permitted to do some of the lighter work, such as hauling from one portion of the farm to another.

It was a rule of Mr. Miles, as it should be of every good farmer, to lay in his supply of winter wood in the autumn. His vast forest land furnished fuel, and John and Ben Miles, being most expert with an axe, were to fell the trees, and cut them into sticks the proper size for the wagon, while Walter was to haul them to the house. Walter found this labor even pleasant. To see the great horses display their giant strength in drawing heavy loads of wood was enough to excite the admiration and wonder of any admirer of horse flesh.

One day he was returning from the forest with a large load of wood on his wagon. The path he was traveling was what he called a "woods road," or sometimes a "blind road." It was used only in drawing wood from the forest, which was about once a year. The remainder of the time it was permitted to grow up in weeds and brush.

Walter's mind had reverted to his past life, and to one sad event especially. He began to feel that he was a mystery to the good people among whom he was thrown. His past history he could not reveal without a blush upon his cheek.

In this rural district as a farm hand he hoped to live in quiet seclusion free from the vile slanders of the busy world. He felt that his quiet unassuming manners were winning a place in the hearts of the people with whom his lot was cast. He could be happy here if he could only forget the bitter wrong that had been done him. But, try as he would, the recollection of it was ever uppermost in his mind. It was not with a degree of hatred or malice that the memory of the wrong remained at his breast, but with a feeling of sorrow, regret and humiliation. Other emotions stirred his soul at times. The story might follow him; and the humiliation would be ten-fold greater. The wealthy farmer would either discharge him and send him once more on his wanderings or else he would be ostracised by the family circle and regarded with suspicion. This he could not brook, and he had determined in case of such discovery to once more go into voluntary exile.

A man came out of the woods and stood in the road a few rods in advance of the horses. He was a burly fellow, strong, heavy-set, with dark tangled hair and short beard. A face that indicated long exposure to wind and weather, also that the possessor of it was addicted to strong drink. He was dressed in a rough garb, half farmer and half tramp. His pantaloons were patched on the knees, and his weather-beaten hat had a hole in the crown. He was certainly not very prepossessing in his appearance, and a character no one would care to meet in a lonely forest road.

Walter trembled in spite of himself. Although there was nothing apparently hostile about the man, he dreaded meeting him. The meeting could not be averted, for the stranger coolly folded his arms on his breast and waited till the team came up. There was a grin on the stranger's face which he intended for an assuring smile.

"Good mornin'," said the strange man, his grin deepening as the team halted opposite him.

"Good morning, sir," returned Walter.

"Pleasant day fur teamin'!"

"Very good, sir," said Walter.

"You work for Mr. Miles, I guess?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yer name's Walter Brownfield?"

"Yes, sir, and as you know mine, will you be so kind as to inform me what yours is?"

"I am Bill Martin, an' I work for Jack Hawkins, who lives on the farm jinin' with Mr. Miles on the road to Bushville."

"I am glad to get acquainted with you, Mr. Martin," said Walter, "but you must excuse me now as my time is not my own; I must be going."

"Hold; don't be in a hurry, Walter," said Bill, extending one hand toward the bit of the horse nearest him, "them animals is tired, so ye better let 'em blow or old Miles 'll cuss a streak."

Walter, who was in the act of starting up the team, paused and gazed it wonder at the man. Bill, with than strange grin on his face, said:

"Ye come from Queenstown, didn't ye?"

"Y-yes," stammered the youth, turning pale and trembling.

"Didn't you used to clerk for Brewster." For a moment Walter was wholly unable to answer, but at length stammered.

"I-I did."

"I thought you was the same 'un," and the grin deepened on Bill's face.

An awkward silence followed, Walter looked helpless, as though he would fall from the wagon, and Bill Martin gazed on him as a bird of prey might gaze on a victim in easy reach. At length Walter determining to know the worst, summoned up all his resolution and asked:

"Are you an officer?"

Bill shook his head.

"A detective then? If so, there is no need of quizzing me. If the law wants me at Queenstown I am ready to go.

Bill laughed a loud, coarse laugh. "Do I look like an officer, or a detective? Ha! ha! ha! Well that's a good 'un."

"Then, sir, be so kind as to explain yourself" said Walter, with no little confusion.

"I'll do it, youngster," said Bill, approaching confidentially near the youth, and laying the fore finger of his right hand in the palm of his left, he spoke in low tones, while his left foot rested on the hub of the wagon wheel. "You see Walter I am not the man to squeal on a fellow who gets in trouble an' has to leave his town or country on account of it; but I'd rather take 'em by the hand and help 'em along."

"I do not understand you yet," continued Walter.

"Well, then," said Bill, "I'll be as plain as I can; but you must give me time. You know you used to live in Queenstown?"

"I did."

"And ye clerked in Joe Brewster's store?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

It required all his firmness to answer that question

"Well, only a few weeks ago money was missin' from the drawer."

"Such was evidently the case," said Walter, hotly, "but I still declare my innocence as I did then; the accusation against me was wrong, I swear it! and why I should be hunted and haunted with a crime I never committed——"

"Hold on, youngster," interrupted Bill. "I am not a huntin', nor hauntin' ye about it, but jest mention this matter, ye know, to prove that I know ye. Ye see I'm from Queenstown myself, and heerd all about this, but ye bet I'm not the fellow to give a pal away. When I sees a young man in misfortune, I think it my place to take him by the hand an' help him up an' not give him a kick."

"I have been very unjustly accused," said Walter, with a downcast look. "They failed to make a case of embezzlement against me, but it ruined my reputation so that for five hundred miles around I could not get employment again. But I am innocent. I swear, I am innocent."

"In course ye are. I like to hear ye say so," said Bill, with a tone and grin that the inexperienced Walter could not understand.

"Did you live in Queenstown at the time?" asked Walter.

"Well, no, not eggsactly. Ye see I'm a kind o' a rovin' chap. I'm everywhere, and know every body, and every thing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAUSE OF RABIES.

Dr. Mary Walker on the Nature and Treatment of Hydrophobia.

When the masses of the people understand the importance of having facilities for dog-baths rabies will cease, if dogs are properly fed and not abused. They become rabid in warm, dry weather as a rule. The exceptions occur in pet house-dogs, where baths are used to "improve personal appearance," and are seldom taken in winter. A dog afflicted with rabies is feverish, and so thirsty that it can not swallow because of contraction of the throat. When the growl is heard it is because of pain in the "jaws that are set" at times. It bites to relieve itself of saliva (foam), because it can not expectorate like a human, and also to do something to relieve the choking sensations.

Dogs become rabid because they want water so much that the sight of it contracts their throats. They need it—as a bath. I shall ever be grateful for the evolution of thought that comes to me on this subject from an experience of hunger, and have fully adopted these words: "Evil is good misunderstood." When so hungry that the sight of food "set my jaws," and so contracted my throat that I could not swallow, I began to think that rabies have never been understood, and when my jaws relaxed and left my throat still contracted for a little time I found that the air bubbles made the saliva white. I was so rejoiced to think that I had delved into the metaphysics of rabies that I forgot my hunger for a few minutes and was perfectly satisfied with the meager food that I ate with a relish soon after.

Treatment: A Turkish bath is not advisable for the simple reason that the "hot-air room" previous to the bath would aggravate the symptoms, while an immediate hot bath with water in a sponge, a degree above tepid for the head, would relax the muscles and relieve the spasms. When any thing can be swallowed, water as hot as it can be taken should be administered. Give nothing cold. Continue baths until all symptoms subside, or as soon as there is the least indication of spasms. Let patient remain in bath until sleepy; remove quietly to bed and avoid all talk except to assure patient of positive recovery. Absolute quiet is imperative.—*Dr. Mary B. Walker, in Washington Critic.*

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE—In Effect January 18, 1886.
CENTRAL STANDARD TIME.

EASTWARD.	No 5	No 7	*No 9	*No 1
	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.	a. m.
Toledo.....Lv	7 45	12 30	5 00	.....
Oak Harbor.....Ar	8 43	1 22	5 55	.....
Fremont	9 07	1 47	6 18	.....
Clyde	9 22	2 03	6 33	.....
Bellevue.....	9 38	2 18	6 47	.....
Monroeville.....Lv	9 57	2 32	7 03	1 35
Norwalk	10 13	3 00	7 20	1 50
Wellington.....	11 03	3 32	9 06	2 32
Creston.....Ar	11 32	4 40	10 45	3 15
	p. m.			
Orrville.....Ar	12 30	5 10	11 45	* 3 45
			a. m.	
Orrville.....Lv	12 40	5 10	6 00	6 00
Massillon.....Ar	1 20	5 50	6 40	6 40
" Lv	1 30	5 50	6 40	6 40
Navarre	1 35	6 05	6 55	6 55
Valley Junction.....Lv	2 10	6 50	7 30	7 30
New Cumberland.....	2 25	7 05	7 50	7 50
Sherrodsville.....	2 40	7 20	8 30	8 30
Leesville	2 53	7 33	8 55	8 55
Bowerston.....Ar	3 05	7 45	9 10	9 10
Canal Dover.....	2 38	.....	8 00	8 00
New Comerstown.....	3 27	.....	8 47	8 47
Cambridge	4 30	.....	9 45	9 45
Macksburg.....	6 10	.....	11 38	11 38
Marietta.....Ar	7 30	.....	12 50	12 50
	p. m.		p. m.	p. m.

WESTWARD.	No 6	No 8	No 4	*No 2
	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	a. m.
Marietta.....Lv	6 20	2 30	.....	.....
Macksburg.....	7 25	3 42	.....	.....
Cambridge	8 54	5 20	.....	.....
New Comerstown.....	9 48	6 20	.....	.....
Canal Dover.....	10 28	6 55	.....	.....
Bowerston	9 45	4 00	6 20	.....
Leesville	9 58	4 20	6 32	.....
Sherrodsville.....	10 15	5 00	6 45	.....
New Cumberland.....	10 35	5 35	7 00	.....
Valley Junction.....	11 15	7 45	7 25	.....
Navarre	11 53	8 18	7 57	.....
	p. m.		a. m.	
Massillon	12 30	8 35	8 12	.....
Orrville.....Ar	1 10	9 15	8 50	.....
" Lv	1 25	*10 15	8 50	.....
Creston.....Lv	1 57	10 45	9 22	.....
Wellington.....	2 45	11 28	10 10	.....
Norwalk	3 35	12 10	11 25	7 25
		a. m.		
Monroeville.....	3 47	12 25	11 37	7 37
Bellevue.....	4 04	.....	11 55	7 53
			p. m.	
Clyde.....	4 18	.....	12 10	8 08
Fremont.....	4 35	.....	12 30	8 25
Oak Harbor	4 58	.....	12 55	8 48
Toledo .....Ar	5 55	.....	1 55	9 45

29	27	NORWALK & HURON.	25	28
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
6 00	11 40	Ar.....Huron.....Lv	6 25	2 15
5 47	11 25	.....Fries Landing.....	6 38	2 28
5 35	11 10	.....Milan.....	6 52	2 45
5 15	10 45	Lv.....Norwalk.....Ar	7 15	3 10

CONNECTIONS.

Toledo—With all lines entering the city.
Fremont—With L. E. & W. R. R.
Clyde—With I. B. & W. R. R.
Bellevue—With N. Y. C. & St. L. R. R.
Monroeville—With B. & O. R. R.
Wellington—With C., C., C. & I. Ry.
Creston—With N. Y., P. & O. R. R.
Orrville—With C., A. & C. R. R. and P. Ft. W. & C. R. R.
Massillon—With P., Ft. W. & C. R. R. and C., T. V. & W. R. R.
Valley Junction—With Valley R. R.
Canal Dover—With C. & P. R. R. and C., T. V. & W. R. R.
Newcomerstown—With P., C. & St. L. R. R.
Cambridge—With B. & O. R. R.
Point Pleasant—With W. C. & M. R. R.
Marietta—With M. & C. R. R.

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